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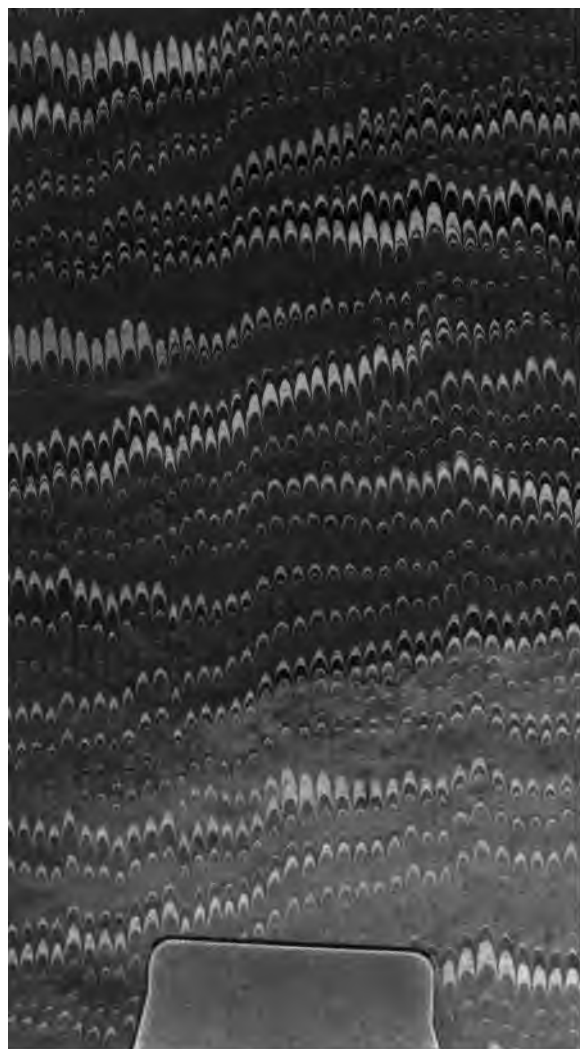
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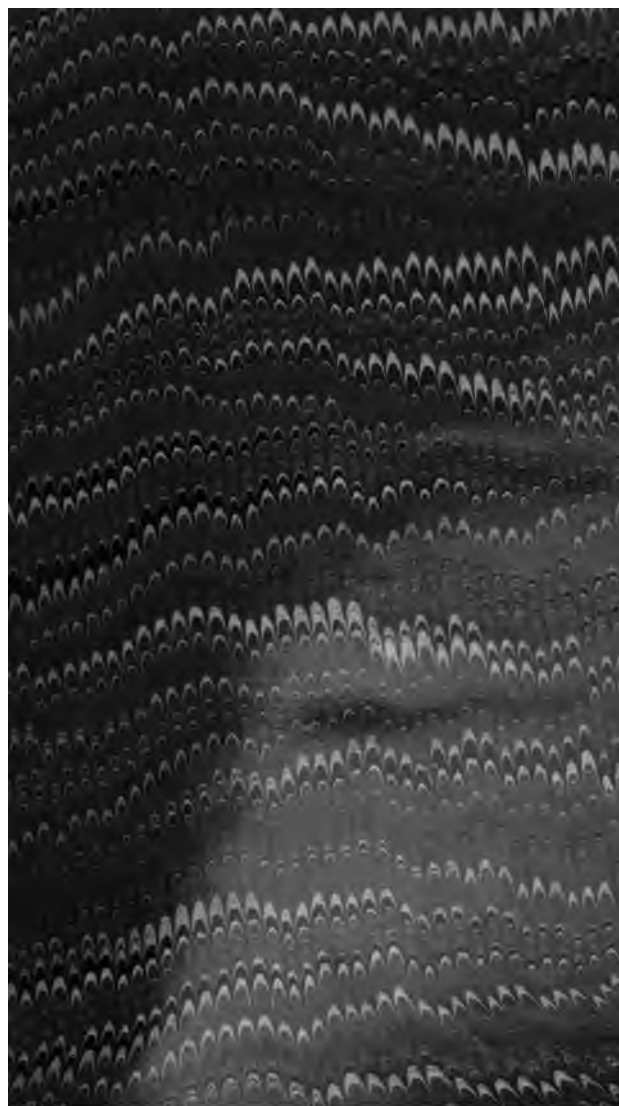
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MY BOOK.

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MY BOOK,

A

Miscellaneous Assortment

OF

FRAGMENTS,

AND OTHER

PROSAICAL AND RHYTHMICAL, DRAMATICAL, AND

EPIGRAMMATICAL

MATTERS.

BY N. AARON PHILOMIRTH.

“For further Particulars, enquire within.”

Liverpool :

Printed for and Published by W. GRAPEL, and to be had of
the Booksellers.

JOHNSON, PRINTER.

1821



PREFACE.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have great pleasure in introducing to your acquaintance "My Book." I don't write a prefatory introduction, conceiving it at all a matter of necessity ; because I think the merits of "My Book" quite sufficient to introduce itself, not merely to your notice, but to your admiration.

The ground-work of this, my opinion, is, that I admire "My Book" myself, and that is *quite enough* : I don't put any dedication. "My Book" is dedicated to the world, and to posterity. 'Tis useless, and would appear ridiculous, to write and address a dedication "to every body." Its much less trouble, and more wise,

and comes to the same thing, to dedicate to nobody ; and, as I generally adopt the least troublesome, and *always* the wisest, course in every thing, I have acted accordingly. I am an extremely clever man, and a very good writer, as "My Book" will show. I have no eratum page, because there is not an error in "My Book" from the Title Page to the "Finis."

"My Book" has not been written hastily : I wrote every thing in it on purpose to be published. I didn't write it in leisure moments for my own private amusement and that of my friends—nor "amidst inconvenience and distraction in sickness and in sorrow : " I wrote it when I was busy, and might have been more profitably employed : I wrote it to amuse and instruct mankind, and to obtain immortal fame and honour for myself, and I have succeeded.

I'm a much better poet than Walter Scott or Lord Byron : and a better Humorist and

Dramatist than either Sheridan or George Colman.—Nobody ever told me this, but I am the more clever in finding it out myself, when *perhaps* (I speak with deference) nobody else would. I shall now conclude my preface, not because I think it is going to be too long, but because I'm tired of writing. I wish you all your health; but I am not your servant, nor any body's servant, but my own; and only that, in as much as I am my own master.

N. B.—I like myself better than any body in the world. Good bye.

THE AUTHOR.

P. S.—This may be thought an odd style of addressing readers: its certainly not that in which most preface-writers speak of themselves; but, if they were turned inside out, you'd find it just what the greater part of them *think*, depend upon it.



MY BOOK.

A two and twentieth cousin of my father's great aunt once wrote a book and had it printed—and the printing cost £12—but nobody bought it—and I believe nobody read it, but my father, my said great aunt, and the little bookseller who sold it—I mean, tried to sell it.

“Mr. Hanckskuir,” said I to the printer, “how is this? my father's great aunt's two and twentieth cousin's little book is a great expense, and nobody reads it.” Hanckskuir shrugged up his shoulders, and, looking at me as no one but Mr. Hanckskuir could, he said, “Mr. Aaron! Mr. Aaron! the taste of the times is demoralized, Sir! The rejected addresses of the Messrs. Smith, the twopenny Post Bag, the halfpenny Ballads, and the catchpenny Melodies of Little Thomas, or Thomas Little, the Laras, the Conrads, the Beppos, the Childe Harolds, the Don Juans and Don Devils of my Lord Byron, and

the puddle-headed, Winder-mere, water-wash, of the Lake Poeticuli, have poisoned the sources of the Fount of Poesy, have made Pegasus a pack horse, Parnassus, a dunghill, and Helicon, a sough!" "Sir," said he, (for he waxed very warm, I thought)—"the stain upon the milk white garment of pure taste is not to be washed out by the tears of the three times three muses, though they wept their incontinent flirtations nine times faster than Queen Niobe. 'Heu pietas'! cried he, raising his voice and his visage, "heu! heu! heu prisca carmina." Hanckskuir then poked his little fire with the most Vulcanic vehemence, and throwing down the instrument of ignitru-sion, with an action of despair, he plunged his little fists into his waistcoat pockets, distended his round, sallow, whiskerless cheeks, with what was born a sigh, but died a puff—and was silent—and so was I. I looked at Mr. H. and was deeply affected. I was convinced of the truth of all he had asserted. I bowed an "amen" to his anathema against the murderers and ravishers of the modern muse—my heart was surcharged with indignation, at the wrongs of good taste, poetic delicacy, pure judgment, and my father's

great aunt's two and twentieth cousin!!! "What," said I, timidly, and offering him my snuff box, "what is to be done, Sir?" "Done, Sir," said he, placing his little inky thumb on the edge of the box, "you must write a book yourself, Mr. Aaron, and it will be read, Sir! I say, Sir"—completing by the adjutancy of his little dear forefinger the possession of his pinch of snuff—"it *will* be read, Sir!!" "Ah! Mr. Hanckskuir," said I—but just at that moment an elderly lady made her appearance, and Hanckskuir made his bow, during which she asked for a penny worth of slate pencil, and half an ounce of mixed wafers—and, as I never like to interrupt important business, I retired.

It was about three quarters past ten—my usual hour of retiring, when I arose from my old oak table to light my taper for bed.

I think I must have been rather absent—I wound up my watch, and returned it, as I supposed, to its fob. I got a match, lighted my taper, and had reached the foot of the stair case,

when I encountered my aunt's black servant, who said, "Don't you want a candle, Mr. Aaron, what are you going to do, Sir?" "Write a book, Joseph," said I, "by the advice of Mr. Hanckskuir, in defence of pure taste, and in vindication of the two and twentieth cousin of my father's great aunt." Black Joseph's white grin, and a smell of brimstone brought me to myself. I had thrown my taper of wax into the fire, and was going to bed with the match: and the arms and crest of the Philomirthe, quartered with those of the Lamithous, on my paternal seal, were buried in my pocket, whilst the unfortunate old French repeater was dangling in pendular state outside. I accepted Joseph's proffered candle—endured his smothered laugh—and made the best escape the disastrous circumstances and my confused forces would permit, into my bed chamber: where I can safely lay my hand upon my heart and declare, that, till I was pulling off my last stocking—it was the right leg—I was as free from all intention of authorism, as innocent of all meditated offence against foolscap and fame, as any one of my readers. But, alas! the lucid interval was not doomed to last, and the fit re-

turned ; whilst my ratiocinative faculties yielded to the genie of abstraction.

How soon after my getting into bed I might fall asleep I know not, nor precisely do I hold myself able to assert whether I slumbered at all : perhaps it was a vision ! I dare say it was—but it seemed to me that I was sacrificing a ram at the altar of Minerva, in the form of Miss Edgeworth : that the victim was already slaughtered, and I was in the act of flambeuing his sanctified wool with my right foot upon his hind quarter. Hanckskuir was officiating as priest, in a robe sacerdotal.—I thought he never before looked so well ! but his head and face occasionally assumed the form and expression of Pallas's owl : no matter—it was the visage of the bird of wisdom, and I liked it no less than his own. The altar blazed—I smelt the savour of singed wool and roast mutton—my foot began to feel the immortal heat, and I anticipated, in the sweet thrill of hopeful expectation, an encouraging smile from my tutelary deity ! My soul was transported, when, lo ! in an instant Hanckskuir hooted and vanished ! I was dragged from the altar, and out of bed—not by a sacrilegious violator of the Temple of

Wisdom, but by the African grasp of black Joseph in his white shirt. My powdered peruke with its appurtenant curls and queue, (the latter shading my left eye) still flourished in kindred confusion on my disordered head : my right foot was enveloped in a double fold of its woollen stocking ; the candle was burnt down on one side by what is vulgarly called a thief, (certainly it is a wicked trespasser) my flannel dressing gown was in a blaze, and black Joseph in a perspiration. What might have been the consequence, but for this miraculous intervention of the fates and the footman, the calculators upon conflagration and suffocation may perhaps imagine : but I think I should have been burnt—at least I should not wonder. It was, however, ordained that I should *not* be burnt, at least before my book—so Joseph, after putting out the conflagration and its secondary cause, the candle, put me, its primary cause, into bed.

LETTER OF GRIEVANCE

To any body who will redress it.

SIR, OR MADAM,

I am a persecuted sort of being, not at all comfortable in my own personal self, nor happily situated as to those with whom I live. The cause of my misery is a natural one, and perhaps it is on that account the more unnatural and inhuman for people to make it the means of producing to me so annoying an effect.

I am excessively thin ! very thin indeed ! and I have no peace at home.

Only yesterday my old bachelor uncle, looking at a scratch on his painted wall, said, with the most provoking solemnity, “ now, Tom’s elbows have been against this wall, or his knees, or some other sharp instrument,—and scratched off the paint.”

I am not at all melancholy, I assure you, except to look at—and I can enjoy a laugh sometimes, though nobody will allow that I do :

"pooh! Tom only laughs in hopes of fattening himself on the faith of the old adage of 'laugh and grow fat,' but it won't do, Tom."

The other evening we were going to practise a quadrille—"take up the carpet" was the general vote; "no," says my aunt, "not if Tom dances, its an old floor and full of nicks; and, lean kine as he is, I would not lose him in that way, neither!" Bless her affection! Another time, "where's Tom? Who has seen Tom?" "Have you looked in the card case? (says George) "or perhaps he is taking a nap in Maria's portfolio, in the painting room." One says I cannot run straight in a wind, but turn like a slate thrown into the air, with my flat side against the current; another says I am first cousin to a paper knife, but not quite so sharp; and a third warns me against walking over a grating in the street, for fear of being smothered in a sough, or launched into a cellar, unless I slip astride on one of the bars, and sit there balancing like an old pair of sugar tongs on a tea spoon.

George advised nobody to lend me a saddle; he said he would as soon have a pair of shears ride upon it; that I should certainly cut the flaps

into ribbons, and it were a mercy if the horse escaped !

A lady not long ago, with whom I was, and wished to be, upon good terms, drawing my attention particularly to something or other, tapped my sleeve with her fan, “ Doucement, ma chere’ (cries Miss Maria) “ Ah ! gardez bien, vous briserez son bras ! ” Thus am I abused, quizzed, and ridiculed continually with all the force of mischievous invention, slang English, and broken French, for ever and ever.—I have only one word more to say :—Last autumn I asked one of my cousins to recommend me the best coach down to Oxford : he named one, and begged me to carry him a note to the book-keeper, about a parcel he expected.—I took it, and gave it to the man before I said a word about my own business. The man read it, and then measuring me from head to foot, with his vulgar-looking eye, in the oddest, and by the bye most disagreeable and disgusting way possible—he said, “ No go, Sir—can’t be done, Sir—must pay whole fare, Sir—ride how you will ! ” “ What can’t be done, (said I,) what are ye at ? ” “ Why, Sir, I means this, that lank as you be, you must pay the same

fare as if you vas twenty stun, or else you 'vont go per Umpire, Sir, unless you rides in the basket: now, dy'e take, Sir?" So saying, he threw down, and I took up, the note and read:—"The proprietors of the Oxford Umpire are expected to book the inclosed gentleman at half or third price, being so spare that he can be packed in a very small compass." I tore the note to pieces and departed, sending my servant 'for I could not face the fellow again) to explain the abominable "oaks" as he calls it, and get me a whole inside place. This is infinitely annoying, you know, and whoever can give me any consolation or advice, will for ever win the good wishes of

THOMAS LATHCHIP.

PERFATORY DIALOGUE.

POET.

Offspring of rags ! dear clean white paper,
 Forgive the trespass of my quill ;
 Who, having had her nose made taper,
 Dares o'er thy bosom ink to spill.

PAPER.

Ink ! were that *all*, I could endure
 The blotting of that dark compound ;
 Didst thou not make me, once so pure,
 For rhymes and stuff the scribbled ground !
 Dost thou not change my very name !
 Pure lily white and free from spot ?
 With horrid lines of rhyme, you shame
 My stainless purity : whilst fame
 And common sense at once you blot !

POET.

Nay, peerless paper, speak me fair !
 By the old linen which you sprung from,

If I could injure you a hair,
 May I be "balanced in air,"
 And Tyburn tree may I be hung from.
 I do intend, (so don't abuse
 My meaning by anticipation)
 Sundry wise people to amuse,
 With (by your aid) a publication.
 You shall be bound up in a book,
 And have your edges nicely gilt;
 And therefore I do hope you'll brook,
 The ink on your complexion spilt.
 Perhaps you may be advertized—
 Exhibited—be quite the go!
 By dear blue stockings criticised,
 And puff'd in Paternoster Row.
 Then—if you take—bewitching scene,
 See! how the learned may pursue you;
 By Byron! Blackwood's Magazine
 May, very possibly, review you.
 The King may read you—and why not—

I may receive great adulation ;
 Be made a baronet—like Scott !
 And bear a shield, and take a lofty station,
 And kiss my “ bloody hand,” and grace the
Coronation.

Think how you’ll shine upon a cushion,
 How on a shelf with joy you’ll laugh,
 To smell yourself in cover Russian,
 Or beautifully bound in calf,
 Better off ~~than~~—than now—by half.

PAPER.

Poet ! you’re crack’d, your book’s my eye !
 It ne’er will be *in Russian* bound ;
With Calf it may perhaps, for I
 Bound close with you must aye be found,
 Till worms eat me above, and eat you
 under ground !

S O N G.

If the love that ever laughs,
 Devoid of doubt or fear,
 And mirth's inspiring chalice quaffs,
 Alone be love sincere :
 If in the maze of pleasures round,
 Thou seek'st his sparkling eye ;
 Where yet a tear was never found ;
 Nor ever heard a sigh ;
 Well may'st thou deem, I love thee not,
 Since now my *hope* hath died ;
 Love has in sables mourn'd his lot,
 For hope is young love's bride.
 That love, that hope, thy charms instill'd,
 Thy scorn may quite restrain ;
 But warm the *hope* thy frown has chill'd,
 And *love* will smile again.

BY A CELEBRATED BUFFOON.

Deem not that always on my face I bear,
The garb of mirth which now my features
wear;

Nor think my laughter, while it acts its part
In folly's farce, an index of my heart.

My merry mood is but exterior show,
An outward habit, hiding inward woe :

Thus clad, invisible my griefs may be,
You cannot see them—would I could not see;

Mechanic mirth, to which the heart's untun'd,
Adds, as it stabs, a poison to the wound.

You grant applause, as to my acting due,
And envy ME—alas ! I envy you !

Your mirth is joyous, for your mirth is free,
But mine is slav'ry, and it joys not me :

To make you merry, here my part I fill,
Whilst I (mirth's cause) am miserable still !

To various men, fates various fortunes give,
You live to laugh—I only laugh to live.

ST. OMER'S, JUNE, 1820.

DIALOGUE.

"Her Majesty's gone, my lord!—won't be
advis'd,

The sex are bold clients! I'm rather surprised!
I'll resign! I won't be her attorney—who
would—

She would rather be counsel'd by Alder-
man W——

Who expects to be handed in history down,
Like his wooden relation, the oak, whose
renown

Is due to its once having "sheltered a crown."
I feel rather disgusted, my lord, shouldn't you,
I don't know what to think! I can't think
what to do!

I *would cut* a figure in royal affairs,
But she's figured off, and *cut me* at Omers."

These sage remarks made Mr. B——

The Q——'s Attorney, (D——'s
her solicitor)

But my Lord H—— said little
to 'em,

Tho' they were understood expliciter.

The fact was that H—— 'twixt K——
and Q——

Like an ass with two panniers was "bother'd
between :"

He was rather disgusted himself, for he wish'd
To have balanc'd the two, but his project was
dish'd ;

So, like other asses o'ercome with a load,
He was stripp'd of his burthen, and *left on
the road.*

Towards B—— his feelings were not very
nice,

For in Liverpool once, and in Westmoreland
twice,

He'd been cut so by Canning and Lowther
before,

That he thought (from a Q——) he might
bear it once more :

But to *him* the immediate friend of the K——
He felt that the Q—— had not done quite
the thing ;

Tho' one fair excuse he might fairly prefer,
That the King had not done the *thing* lately
to her :

Yet, really, this was downright rudeness,

Or something on the very brink of it ;

And, doubtless, men of any shrewdness,

Whether they talk or not of L——

Cannot but so say, and think of it.

Sweet B——'s expressive and fine features
frown'd,

In a pit of perplexity calmness was drown'd ;

Said he to himself, (for his conscience prick'd
then,

That he like the Monarch had been now and
then,

By no means the purest and chastest of men)

“ His Majesty, no, nor his ministers can’t,

Say the Q——has been ever to me a gallant ;

I think, (says he) H——— there’s little
reason,

To prosecute *either* of *us* for high treason ;”

And then, the dear man, he began to feel
piqued,

And he held up his head, and his vanity
squeak’d ;

“ I’ll take my revenge, or some devil I’ll raise,”

“ We had better raise horses, and take a post
chaise,”

Says Hutchinson, coolly, “ and trot off for
Calais,

Ere Caroline kick up a row at the palace ;

For however we look when we get into
London,

However the populace hisses or stares,
 Since we two are *done*, and our bus'ness is
 undone,
 We cannot look worse than we do at
 Omer's."

TO MATILDA LUCINDA AMELIA.

With a pair of East India Garters.

Far in the east 'mid glowing scenes,
 Where nabobs live like kings and queens,
 And ride about in palanquins :
 And do not know what labour means,
 Scorning mechanics and machines ;
 Deck'd out in satins, silks, and sheens,
 In muslins, cambrics, and nankeens ;
 Who pour sweet oil from their tureens,
 To eat with parsnips, peas, and beans,
 Cabbage, and other kind of greens,
 Instead of melted butter.

There is a trading port of fame,
 (Whose riches much attention claim,
 And fan man's speculative aim
 Into a burst of busy flame)
 Compar'd to whose more active game :
 Most other ports are dull and tame,
 To and from whence few went and came
 Till lately : they were not to blame
 For parliament, our fire to tame,
 Thought proper to forbid the same,
 Until the India house—for shame—
 Made the trade free. This place they name
 Calcutta—

The people living in these climes,
 Are fair when young and in their primes :
 They're much improved in later times,
 And read and write in prose and rhymes.
 Greater their virtues—less their crimes :
 Where discord jarr'd, now concord chimes :
 They grow pomegranates, lemons, limes—

Fruits, our's cannot compare to.

But whether this improved reality

Of goodness and of cordiality ;

(Embracing also hospitality,

The cousin of conviviality,)

Owes its existence and locality

Unto a favouring fatality :

Arising from the geniality

Of *our* transported pure morality,

Mixing with *their's* on an equality,

And breeding morals in plurality—

Is more than I dare swear to !

These people, as we've often read,

• Or if we can't read, heard it said—

Are born, and nurs'd, and rear'd, and bred,

And school'd, and coupl'd, wiv'd, and wed,

Move when they're up, sleep when in bed !

Near to that sea that's call'd the " Red ; " *

* Geographers may perhaps be bold enough to dispute this: but, "unprepared"—as the lawyers say, "I am ready to prove it when properly called upon."

Where Pharaoh and his host were sped,
 After his heart was hardened,
 'Till it was harder than his head,
 And bodies were seen floating dead.
 I've often wonder'd—(if they bled—)
 How in a sea so coloured,
 The blood could be discovered;
 Or whether they the fishes fed,

O'ercome by death aquatic.

But form'd they were for wealth of old :
 For camels, asses, silver, gold ;
 They barter'd, traffick'd, bought, and sold
 More than we do an hundred fold.
 Sheba, whose history I hold,
 To have been very truly told;
 Was a great queen of bearing bold,
 And she was Asiatic.

How these folks liv'd before the flood :
 I cannot tell ye if I would,
 Nor would I tell you if I could,

You'd not believe me if I should.
 For Noah's ark of shittim wood,
 When it stuck stranded in the mud
 On Ararat's tremendous hood,
 Brought no accounts, I've understood ;
 But if we hold historians good,
 Or have not quite forgot 'em,
 Their pages we shall find, relate
 That they've been populous and great,
 In war and peace, in wealth and state,
 For ages. Their commercial weight
 Now proves itself in spite of fate :
 For England's wary potentate,
 And board of trade, until of late
 Would not let any emigrate,
 Hence to their distant rich estate
 In private ships ; but made 'em wait
 For an East India bottom.
 But, to the subject of my song,
 Calcutta is, and has been long,

As before mentioned very strong ;
 There pleasure goes her length, ding, dong,
 And dances to the soothing gong,
 Tender tigresses among.
 To her huge factories belong,
 A force and captain commandant—
 Who march the gay parade along ;
 There too do merchants' factors throng
 To trade from sundry quarters.

And to her factories I owe,
 At least the *Captain* tells me so,
 The pleasure—(greater here below
 Can mortal feel or mortal know ?)
 To beg that I may dare to throw
 At your fair feet—ah ! don't say no !—
 But on my gift a smile bestow—

 A pair of eastern garters.
 Far has my muse her flight essay'd,
 (Her boldness gallantly display'd)
 Long is the voyage she has made,

And long her rhymes on India trade,

And she is *almost* tir'd—poor jade!

(My reader, quite so, I'm afraid)

Of what I fear cannot be said

To be a rich donation.

But could the trifle see and think

As I do, it would scorn to shrink,

From drowning's threat, or danger's brink,

Joy could not flag, hope could not sink;

Nor, had it eyesight, would it wink,

No, it would laugh, to form a link,

Around that leg, which is the pink

Of symmetry's formation.

Then wear them, lady, "Honi soit

Qui mal y pense," and may the toy,

(So long as you its folds employ—

Nor wear and tear, it's strength destroy)

Dance with and on your leg for joy,

Till life's short dance be over;

And never be the fact forgot,

That it was Asia's happy lot,
 To tie the garter's ribbon knot,
 Around a leg than which there's not—
 A handsomer on any spot,
 In palace great, or lowly cot,
 'Twixt "Jolnny Groat's" and Dover.

U L S W A T E R.

Ye scenes of Sylvan heav'n, on whose expanse
 The eye with fond affection loves to dwell,
 To gaze and gaze, and think it but a glance,
 As charms o'er charms upon the vision swell.
 Ye woods, ye dales, beneath whose silent shade
 The stilly spirit of retirement sleeps ;
 Where the cool zephyr fans the dreaming maid,
 Steals o'er her form, and kisses as it creeps.
 Ye lakes, ye streams, whose gently-flowing tide,
 And murmuring current, quiet's voice express ;

Where nature all her vary'd pow'rs hath try'd,
 In the formation of true loveliness.
 Why came I hither? In a land like this,
 Hoped my sick fancy for a healing balm;
 Or here spell, to charm the snakes that hiss,
 Round my stung heart, and hush them into
 calm.

And was it hither vaunting prudence drove
 My wand'ring spirit, to be free from thought;
 Came I then here to study not to love,
 And to unlearn the lesson madness taught.*
 Had earth no wilderness of waste and storms,
 Where order's banish'd—beauty is not known;
 Where day is darkness, night the nurse of storms,
 Where dæmons serve, and terror fills the
 throne.

* This has been considered the very essence of that sublime which proves its own excellence by bordering on the ridiculous.—It contains the soul of sentiment, and the pink of poetical pathos. Nobody ever saw it but myself.

In such a land I might sit down in love,
 With sprites congenial, doubt, despair, and
 fear;
 Nor think on aught on earth, or aught above,
 And hate whate'er was heavenly—but here—
 Oh ! Helen ! Helen ! if I must forget,
 These eyes must burst, and mem'ry cease
 to be ;
 For I am not so blind, so madden'd yet,
 To gaze on beauty, and not think of *thee*.

I took a boat, and went to sea—
 For favouring gales I trusted—
 But there was not a breath for me,
 It was as calm as it could be,
 And I was quite *disgusted*.

SONNET.

Her form was cast in beauty's mould,
 But, ah ! her heart was icy cold ;
 Love joy'd to bask him in her eye,
 Laugh'd on her lip, inhal'd her sigh.
 O'er ev'ry charm—(as round the flow'r
 The May-fly flits his sunny hour)—
 Love flutter'd, and was pleas'd to play,
 His wings awhile—and then away !
 He once, 'tis said, her heart essay'd,
 And enter'd there, tho' half afraid ;
 But found it—winter—and it chill'd him ;
 Nay ! ere he could regain the door,
 Love caught a cold that nearly kill'd him,
 Fled, and from thence by Venus swore,
 He'd try Eliza's wintry heart no more.

N. B.—You will collect from this, that
 “ If your heart's cold enough to give Cupid an ague,
 And *once* he takes cold, he will never more plague you.

VALENTINE.

To the Youth of my Soul.

Oh! Aaron! when thy roguish eyes,

Peep beneath thy beaver;

Shy as summer's bottle flies—

Cold as Lapland's apple pies—

Blue as Scotland's wintry skies—

When the snow flakes leave her.

How my beating bosom bumps!

And my stays opposes;

How my heart rebellious thumps,

Owens thee, Aaron, King of Trumps—

And knocks all rivals off their stumps—

Pale milk from my complexion pumps,

And makes it milk of *roses*!

Oh! leave thy shy and bashful tricks,

Or else I'll die and Charon,

Ere the Horse Guard's clock goes six,

Shall row me o'er the river Styx—

(Where every body goes that kicks—)
 There my sad retreat I'll fix,
 And wait for thee, my Aaron !
 But if pity, mercy, love,
 Within thy heart are lodgers ;
 Give not Charon's boat a shove—
 For me, but let me stay above—
 Ah ! let Venus lend her dove—
 To guide thee to the Paphian grove—
 Where thy gentle heart shall prove—
 How fond is

BESSY ROGERS.

BARNARD & ELIZA.

The master of an Irish barge,
 Who sail'd to Bristol thrice a year ;
 Felt his salt-pickl'd heart enlarge,
 Whenever he by chance came near
 A landlady who dealt in beer.

Her name was Jane Eliza Timmins,
 She liv'd on St. Augustine's back;
 Throats she supply'd both men's and women's,
 With beer, rum, brandy, gin, and rack,
 Purl, whiskey, peppermint, and *sack*.

Those whom she poison'd (saints forgive her)
 Their pardon scarce could have deny'd :
 For if they choose to have the liver
 Complaint; what was't to her, beside
 They were *half-spirits*, long before they died.

How Captain Bullock fell in love,
 I cannot quite *directly* state,
 Because he lost one eye in Cove ;
 And 'twas not any body's fate
 To see the other ever *looking straight*.

Perhaps he ogled round a corner,
 Like sparrows flirting in a spout—
 And spied the beauties that adorn her

Sideways—but how love came about,
I never clearly could make out.

No matter ; she'd a spirit license ;
And drams she sold as well as ale ;
And Bullock brought souchongs and hysons
From Newry—crediting his tale,
A story, doubtless—"very like a whale."

Now Jane Eliza Timmins drank—
That is, she did sometimes drink,—tea :
But Barnard Bullock would not thank
The Chinese emperor—not he,
For a canal of best bohea,
Black as the Euxine, or Black Sea.

No ! you might every night behold
Brave Barnard Bullock bolting British brandy ;
Which better, he said, kept out cold,
Than tea and cream and sugar candy,
Fit for no male or female, but a dandy.

However, Mrs. Timmins' coppers
 Were sometimes so exceedingly hot,
 That she would reinstate the stoppers,
 Discharge the bottle—charge the pot—
 And in a cup of tea her dram was quite forgot,

Wherefore the Captain's teas were pleasant,
 To take them she was nothing loth—
 Smuggled by him, to her a present,
 Tea was prodigious cheap to both—
 Cheap as St. Giles's parish broth !—

Tea-drinking at the "Green Man Still,"
 One eve, as they were wōn't to do,
 Bullock, bewitch'd, began to bill,
 And Jane Elizá, love-sick too,
 Seem'd very much inclin'd to coo !

Says Bullock, "burn me in the hand,
 "If I don't love you, Mrs. Timmins,

" Better than brandy, house, or land ;
 " To thy cream-skin, in those dear tucks and
 trimmings,
 " I swear by thunder, that all other women's
 " Are mere abominable trash and skimmings.

" By the north wind, and by my barque,
 " I wish I never more may *lade* her,
 " If I don't be as staunch and stark
 " As the *oak plank* of which I made her ;
 " And constant, widow!" as my "*constant*
 trader ! !"

The *Relict* ogled Bullock much ;
 And Bullock would have og'd too :
 But love's eye-talk to him was Dutch—
 He did all one poor eye could do,
 And more than many do with two—
 Altho' they may be gimblet too :
 He *bored* the widow *thro' and thro' ! ! ! !*

A little decent preparation
 Of blushes, blunders, and delays,
 Brought marriage to the consummation :—
 He long'd—she paus'd—was dres't—the
 altars blaze,
 As men and maids, and altars just do now
 a days.

Yes! they were] marry'd—Barnard and
 Eliza,—
 Aye, and they sent a message to the Printer
 Who edited the Bristol Advertiser,
 Enclosing him a sovereign, as a hinter,
 Not to say “ Barnard Bullock, *alias* Barney
 Squinter,”
 Because, foul tongued and fame defaming
 slander,
 (With reputations an infernal juggler)
 Had often said that our commander,

Was not for honest gain a struggler,
 But nothing better than a rogue and smuggler.

And smuggl'd teas—the widow knew he did;
 Nay more than that, they said of squinting
 Barney—
 That he brought more than brew'd beneath
 her lid;
 And truck'd for whiskey with the “Knights
 of Blarney,”
 Made in a floating still on Lake Killarney.

The wedding day with joy begun,
 And all her friends came out to greet her;
 But, ah! what changes roll 'twixt sun and sun,
 What deeds and maids may be *undone* and
done!!
 And widows be unwidow'd of all fun!

Op'ning the door at home, did greet her—

By Hymen ! her first husband, yes, 'twas Peter !

It was no ghost ! but in the solid flesh—

Live Mr. Peter Timmins kiss'd her,

As sound and hearty, hale and fresh,

As when at first he did enlist her—

And had not, since a moment mist her !

Barnard being much disgusted, swore

That Peter's widow-wife had coax'd him ;

But Peter kick'd him out o' door—

Call'd him a smuggler " hard ashore,"

And said his wife had only hoax'd him.

Barney was done—and in his eye

There shone, as he retir'd, a crystal—

Some said he was resolv'd to die,

And went to sea immediately—

And blew his brains out with a pistol ;

But this, perhaps, might be a lie—

However, he, most certainly,

Never more show'd his gimblet eye

In Bristol.

S O N G.

Would that were true which poets tell,
That love, tho' never spoken ;
May be expres't by looks as well,
The eye, the truest token.
For, were it so, tho' thou deny
My tongue its right of speaking ;
My heart should tell thee thro' mine eye,
How fast that heart is breaking.
Ah ! could I love thee less or more,
Or speak and fail to move thee ;
I'd rest content, the struggle o'er,
And cease to live and love thee.

EPIGRAM.

Virtue's fair, our sages say,
 As beauty's rarest genus ;
 Bright as Iris' beaming ray—
 Arching heaven's humid day—
 And lovelier than Venus.
 Well, Virtue ! I believed thee fair,
 Until I saw Miss Neville ;
 But, with that shape, that face, and air,
 Of ugliness so very rare,
 'Tis plain as light, and clear as air,
 Thou'rt *plainer* than —————



GREYNA GREEN,

A Farce, in three Acts.



C H A R A C T E R S.

Sir D'Arcy Dashwood.

Antony Proffit.

Harry Dashwood.

Charles Meldon.

Fitch.

Rivet.

Frank.

Constables, Waiters, &c.

Matilda Meldon.

Maria Dashwood.

Mrs. Fitch.

Fanny.

Nelly.

Gretna Green.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn Yard. Door in Scene.*

(Enter in a travelling cloak and a great hurry
DASHWOOD.)

Dash. Horses, forward, landlord! are they not ready? By all the blood in Newmarket, there's nothing but cart-horses and cocktails north of York; and unless we mend our pace, 'tis up with us; Frank!

Frank (entering) Sir.

Dash. How are the wheels? Have you look'd at the springs? No screws loose? All tight, eh?

Frank. Why pretty fair, Sir—the off-wheel behind fiddles a little, Sir, and squeaks now and then; but I hope we shall do. It is such a chaise, Sir, that four lads, in a win-

ter's afternoon, might pelt it to shivers with snowballs.

Dash. Pooh! 'tis the very thing for us. Did I not buy it on purpose, and did it not cost me, cash down, at Leader's?—

Frank. Four hundred guineas! yes, Sir, I know that well enough: but they are putting fresh horses to, I see, and we may start.

Enter FANNY.

Dash. Now, Fanny, how is your mistress, my girl?

Fanny. Dreadfully fagged, Sir, and almost as much frightened, for the landlord has just told her, that a boy who has been riding express, has seen, not ten minutes ago, a chaise-and-four galloping after us, not five miles off!

Dash. Impossible! then at it again; have you paid the boys, Frank?

Frank. I have, Sir.

Dash. Then into your rumble-tumble, sweet turtles: and if I have the power of making these northern Goths understand me, I'll back Dashwood's chaise and four posters

Mr. F. (*Taking up her apron, wipes her eyes, then her lips, and kisses her*) there, now, Biddy; there, you'r better now.

Mrs. F. Yes, I'm better—but you have really twitter'd my nerves, Jacob—and you know Dr. Typhus says I ought not to be twitter'd, because it extracts my head, and arranges my stomach—and, I'm sure you won't let the people overtake those dears, will you, Jacob? [*Jacob drinking.*]

Mr. F. Hum—he—he—he—no, Biddy, no, I won't. As you desire it, I won't! but, hey! what's here! another carriage and four, by the bank of England.—Come, wife!!

(*exunt*)

SCENE III.—*Inn Yard again.*

(*FLITCH from House meets Meldon.*)

Mel. Landlord, I want four horses in less than four seconds, that will gallop four miles in four times four minutes—do you hear?

Flitch. I am sorry you are in a hurry, Sir.

Mel. Sir, I beg your pardon, I never was

in a hurry in my life, but if you don't produce what I have mentioned, and in the time mentioned, you will, in all probability, not live to let out any horses to morrow, d'ye hear?

Flitch. You are joking, Sir.

Mel. 'Tis not my usual habit, Sir! Here is, however, my voucher for being in earnest, *(produces a pistol)* do you see?

Flitch. Saints have mercy on my mortal body! here! Bridget! Mrs. Flitch, murder! Dick, horses, Nelly, four horses, twenty saints!! wife, horses immediately—oh! *[exit.]*

Mel. *(Smiling)* Come, we shall do yet! Never did I know my cool determined tone and manner, which Dashwood perpetually laughs at, to fail with *this* sort of people at least. It would not be quite convenient to be apprehended as a highway gentleman tho'— but I have neither flint, powder, nor ball, and my pistol will remain as cool as myself, I think. *(Looks out)* Oh! they are getting horses to, I see—and, ah! here comes the only being that can agitate me—the only spark that can kindle a flame in the cold bosom of Charles Meldon.—Well, Maria.

Enter Maria.

Maria. Ah! Charles! I am more terrified in this last stage of our mad journey than when my falt'ring foot made its first step from my father's balcony. Should my brother yet overtake us, what may be the consequences! you know his rash and fiery temper, Charles, and I know not how it is that you do not dread it, as I do.

Mel. I do know it, my gentle love, without dreading it: and I also know my own opposite temper, without doubting it. It is that coolness which I possess, and which only you, my love, can ever dissipate, that enables me to calculate on one circumstance, which my Maria seems to have forgotten.

Maria. What is that?

Mel. Can any provocation from Harry Dashwood make me forget that he is your brother? and does not the whispering world say that there is on his side a similar peacemaker; and that love talks to him from the eyes of Charles Meldon's sister?

Maria. Of that I cannot judge; but I fear, Charles, that if the artifice of your wicked uncle,

(forgive me that I should call him so) can succeed in persuading Henry that you have in this journey offered insult to him, through his sister, he will forget Matilda, me, and every body, in the heat of his anger.—But, you look grave—do I tire you with my fears and forebodings? I was wont to be bold, but love has made a coward of me—I will say no more. I would be the dove that whispers peace to your heart—not the raven that croaks to you of impending destruction.

Mel. You are, Maria, my every good—my heart's sole blessing! the only one of heaven's creatures, endued with the power of rousing me from apathy—but, our horses are ready—let us be gone! one short stage more, and we triumph over tyranny and oppression, in spite of fate itself.—Come! [*exunt.*

Fitch. (*Peeping from window*) Humph! go along you—you—you bully! By St. George and the Dragon, if ever I saw such a cool, red-hot rascal of a gentleman in all my custom for these thirty years.—Very odd! very rignmaroleous! no enquiries about the other people! a pistolaceous, prodigal profligate! Ah! there they go: (*cracking of whips*) can't overtake the

others, though ! no, no, Biddy, my wife, would have the best cattle for t'other dear rogues ; and they'll be married before my Lord Pistol comes within shot of 'em, (*comes down upon the stage*) What can *he* have a lady with him for—and a young one too.—He ought to be taken up—frightening Christian people to death, with a pistol in one hand, and a woman in the other : its worse than arson !

Enter Mrs. F.

Mrs. F. Oh ! Jacob, an idea's come into my head this very minute.

Flitch. Then let it out, my dear, or it will pine for want of company.

Mrs. F. I do believe this second young lady is the wife of the first young gentleman, and the last young gentleman is the husband of the first young lady, and the first and last are husband and wife, and the last and first are wife and husband ; and, and only think if it should be so, Jacob !!

Flitch. Well then, if so, Mrs. Flitch, you have just made yourself a party to an English nem. con. my dear, and you'll be indicted as a

necessary; and you'll go to the devil into the bargain, my love.—Dick!

Mrs. F. O my goodness gracious! I shall die! but it can't be: I'm positive it can't be.—Nelly! oh Lord, Nelly!

Enter NELLY one side—DICK the other.

Flitch. Nelly, your mistress wants her mixture.

Mrs. F. Dick, your master wants his mug.

[Exit Servant.]

Flitch. I don't feel quite well—my conscience has parched my mouth.—Biddy!

Mrs. F. Jacob!

Flitch. But—can't be help'd now, you know; no fault of our's, dear. People will run away! no occasion for we to fall out, when money is falling in. Better kiss and be friends, and have our little drop of comfort in the bar—eh?—

Mrs. F. You know well enough, you do, the tenderness of my love, Jacob—I can forgive and forget, and kiss and be friends, with all my heart.

[Exeunt singing]

“Let us be rewarded, and have both our hearts
delight,

“Fiddling in a morning, and a drop of gin at night.”

SCENE IV.—*Gretna ; PROFFITT sitting at a Table ; travelling Things, &c.*

Pro. I wish this blacksmith would come, for I do think my scheme excellent : ah ! Proffitt ! Proffitt ! thou art wise. Whilst other guardians, and parents, and gulls, are running after their wards, and their sons and daughters ; here am I arrived at Gretna before the billing and cooing simpletons, and I think I shall have them fast enough. Let me see ! Matilda Meldon, my niece and ward, is determined to marry H. Dashwood, because her papa, my wise brother in law, said she should before he died. I say, she sha'nt. He's dead, and I'm not, and I think I have the best of it. I like the use of her money, and I do not like Harry Dashwood ; nor his old proud father either. I have *him* by the leg too : he swallows all I lay before him, and crams like a Norfolk turkey ! though I never saw him but once : and I've made him promise to disinherit

his son, if he dares to marry my niece—but who's this ?
(Looks through his glass.

Enter RIVET.

Rivet. Did you send for me, if you please ? I'm the chap as does odd jobs for gentlefolk, here in Gretna. I've been agait now, a good deal of years ; and the waiter said, a young man was axing for me. Is it you, Sir ?

Pro. Yes, my friend ; that is, *no !* not a young man exactly. Bless us, what an odd looking fish it is ! Not a young man exactly ! but—

Rivet. Nay, it's all one for that, don't be dashed afore ME. Old or young, it's all the same to ME, I'm not particular, if I'm paid. So, bring in the lady, Sir, come, you can't be married by yourself, you know.

(Pulls out a little book.

Pro. Stay ! stay ! not so fast, Mr. Parson Blacksmith ;—listen to me, if you please : I don't want to be married, Heaven forbid ! and if I did, I doubt if I should be so much in love with Hymen's chains, as to choose them of so strong a material as you work in.

Rivet. Well old youth ; please yourself :

but if you don't want marrying, please to say what you do want. I'm ready: I can marry, shoe horses, draw teeth, bleed cattle of all sorts, fettle a spring, grease a wheel, mend a splinter bar, ring a hog, hook a bear, sharp-shoe, tip or turnup; or, do any other odd job in a small way, at short notice and reasonable prices!

Pro. Listen, then: I neither want to be shod, greased, splintered, hooked, married, tipped, or turned up, Mr. Blacksmith; but I want to borrow your cloaths for half a day: and you may go drunk to bed in the mean time, at my expence, and don't show your black phiz as you value your fees—so vanish, dark offspring of Vulcan—strip, drink, sleep, snore,—but be invisible.

Rivet. Stop, old mouldy! I can strip and I can fight, I can drink and I can sleep—but there's always two sides to a bargain: you say nothing of my terms.

Pro. Name them? what are they?

Rivet. Why I can't get drunk naked, can I? Could *you*, now? Lord, it would not be decent. Lend me your cloaths, you know, and put five guineas into the breeches pocket, and it's a go.

Pro. My cloaths ! you horse-shoe thumper, and five guineas ! why you furnace poking patron of perspiration, what do you mean ?

Rivet. Come ! come ! youth and beauty, none of your slack. Don't forget I'm a reverend ; and don't be hammering out bad names against the cloth ; but speak and say "done" or "no go."—Your cloaths and five guineas, and I'm your man—speak quick, for I shall very soon be a gentleman.

Pro. A what ?

Rivet. A gentleman : that is, drunk at my own expense, and retire from business till to morrow.

Pro. Well, Parson, here's the money ; but I cannot submit to your wearing my garments, you son of soot ! There, (*gives money*) now go, strip, and send me your dusky suit immediately. I'll prepare for it instantly. (*Exit.*)

Rivet. Humph ! not bad pay : but what's he at. Don't much like him ; well, it's a bargain, however ; and he shall have my canonicals ; and if I don't get *his*, and keep 'em too, I'm no Parson ! (*Exit.*)

SAME SCENE. *Re-enter PROFFITT, in dressing gown and cap. Letter in his hand.*

Pro. So—so! what's here—a letter, (*puts on spectacles*) “to my kind fellow-traveller, greeting,” Oh! oh! rats, rats, rats—I smell a rat! ha—ha—ha! (*sings and hums, and opens the letter*) he—he—he:—(*reads*)

“Sir,

“Spite of the cold rules of our sex's
“delicacy, I cannot forbear to say how much
“pleasure it would afford me, once more to re-
“peat my thanks for your polite attentions on
“my journey, ere I proceed from this place.
“My own estates lie in the north of Scotland,
“and though I chose to take the mail coach, and
“travel alone on this occasion, I may, per-
“haps, be excused for saying to you, Sir, that
“I'm not inferior either in rank or wealth to the
“proudest widow in Scotland. I take tea *alone*
“at seven o'clock.

Yours, Sir,

perhaps too sincerely,

MARIAN HYMENÆA M'MULL.

“*Cross Thistles.*”

“widow! rich! own estates in the north of

Scotland—tea alone at seven—mine, perhaps, too sincerely.’—Oh! its a dead thing. I’ll propose to her.—My fortune’s made. I will be a Scotch baron with estates in the north; and be allied to the M’Kilts, and the M’Turfs, and the M’Fillibegs. I thought the dear creature looked hard at me once or twice, but I could hardly see her face or features for her veil. I, I—*(enter a servant with a bag)*—oh, my disguise! carry those to my chamber, and put them carefully under a chair.

Ser. I will, Sir, (and as carefully bring yours out again, or I’m mistaken.) *aside.* *(Exit.*

Pro. Oh dear, I shall be too busy presently to mind my own business! However, dear widow, I must look after the monies which I have seen, first; and then for your Scotch estates which I hope to see. Oh! Proffitt, now’s your time or never. *(to servant crossing the stage)* have you procured two constables?

Ser. I have, Sir, and bribed them as you ordered, and *soaked* them too, till they are ready for any thing.

Pro. Right! go to my dressing room, and wait till I come. *(exit servant)* Yes, I shall

have it all my own way, I see! I'll marry the runaways with a vengeance.—Now for my dusky armour, and vulcan prosper me in a tremendous explosion. *(exit.)*



Scene changes to Public House.—Two Constables tippling.

1st. Con. What the deuce are we to do this afternoon, Bob? who are we to take up?

2nd. Con. Don't know; but we are well paid, and that's enough for us, thou knowest!

1st. Con. Aye, aye, and plenty of beer too, which is the main help to business next to t'other thing. *(Rivet sings outside through a window)*

“He looks like a squire of high degree,

“When dressed in his Sunday clothes.”

(Enter, tipsey, face black, Proffitt's wig and coat on, a large nosegay, short pipe in his mouth, tankard in left hand, right hand jingling money in his pocket.)

Rivet. Constables! constables! tip—tip—tippling tipstaves, come here to me and pay proper reverence and respect so your superior: hear ye me that?

1st. Con. Who the devil is it? he's not sober, I think.

2nd. Con. Nay, by the kirk, it's past thinking about.—I'm very sure he's drunk! (*Constables come forward*) 'tis Rivet!

Rivet. Most inhuman nabbers! right, trusty, and well-beloved, and exceedingly abominable, and indecorous squeezers and pincers of the liberty of the subject, look upon me!

2nd. Con. (*Aside*) let us humour him—we do look upon your honor!

Rivet. Yes, you do look, upon my honor, most obscene and abstemious. Are ye not ashamed? Why don't ye blush red hot? You, you mermaids of moth-eaten magistracy.—What are ye, tell me that?

1st. Con. Constables, Sir, and honest men!

Rivet. Incontrovertible paradox! absolute falsehood, by the anvils of my ancestry! ye are not fit for bellows blowers and apprentices! nevertheless, ye, ye, if your faces are clean, kiss my sacred hand!

2nd. Con. Shall we? why, it's as black as his smithy chimney! but we'll humour him. (*They kiss his hand*)

Rivet. Now, ye here-and-there-and-every-whereian vagabonds, tell me this :—why are ye sober, when I, your servile superior, am intosicated in liquor ? tell me that.

1st. Con. We can't afford, we are poor, your worship.

Rivet. How dare you be poor ! how dare you not afford it, you superfluous fleshfags : take this money, and withdraw your disgusting persons from my inebriated presence—but, stop—Bob ! take you these four inches of honest clay, (*gives his pipe*) and deposit them in the candle box.—And you, Chris—Christopher, bear away my cup, and be my cup-bearer—and stop—your manners you know, (*waves his hand—they bow*) that's all—depart.

Cons. Thanks to your worship. (*exeunt.*)

Rivet. Now will I take a nap : Yes, I'm bound in honor to that most discourteous hunks, whose garments I condescend to wear, and who is now adorned in my garments : in honor I am bound to sleep, but I won't go to bed ! No ! Who says I shall go to bed ? I'll sing a song ! Yes, I'll sing myself to sleep, with soft and soothing lemoncholy airs.

SONG.

TUNE—*Songs of Shepherds and Mystical Roundelay.*

I'm the boy that can marry the people,
When they run off and leave dad in the lurch ;

I've got a sanctum with never a steeple,
Just as good as St. Sepulchre's church :

None of your mumbling, grumbling, stam-
mering,

“ Will you take this woman to be your wife ?”

Just five minutes I leaves off my hammering,
And the dear couple are marry'd for life.

Tiddidom, tiddy-tom, tiddy-tom tee.

I'm the best parson, for hundreds of miles to me,
Dear little runaways, gallop and fly ;

From Pancras', St. George's, St. Ann's, and
St. Giles' to me—

Hither they come to be marry'd by I ;

I never fills up no bills of mortality,

Marrying's all that I'm call'd on to do ;

I never acts but in aid of plurality,

Tho' I makes *one*, to be sure, out of *two* !

Tiddidom, tiddy-tom, tiddy-tom tee.

(Sleeps, and Scene closes.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

*Room in same House, (DASHWOOD and
MATILDA enter.)*

Dash. Courage, my love! we are here at last,
(*Enter Landlord*) Landlord, where is the ——
you know what I mean, my fine fellow, (*gives
money*)—particular business—must be done in-
stantly: let him be found!

Land. I think he's in the house, Sir; but I
fear he is not fit for business: you come almost
too late in the day, fair lady; our parson is ge-
nerally unfit for holy work, and pretty deeply
engaged, in ——

Dash. Pooh! show us to him instantly; or,
by Jove, I will blow up your whole ——

Mat. Gently, dearest Dashwood! you are
too impetuous—but really, now good Mr. Land-
lord, as we *are* come three hundred long, long
miles, to be—to be—we should not be kept
waiting, you know.

Land. Come this way then, and I will endeavour to find him. *(exunt.)*

SCENE II.—*Rivet asleep.*

Rivet. *(Dosing)* whoho!—whoho!—stand horse! blow, Scroggins! blow!—whoho!

Land. *(Showing in Dashwood and Matilda)* walk in, Madam—this way, Sir! *(exit.)*

Dash. By all the horrors of impatience, I shall go mad, if they don't produce this man in five seconds. *(Matilda sees Rivet, and screams)*

Mat. Ah, heav'ns! Dashwood, look there! 'tis my uncle, 'tis Mr. Proffitt! what will become of us, we are lost for ever!

Dash. Never will I yield thee, Matilda, but with that life, which, deprived of thee, I value not a rush—*(draws his sword)* Sir, as the uncle of Miss Meldon, the world's customs demand that I should pay you deference and respect: but not a thousand worlds shall force her from my arms: speak, Sir, what do you here?

Rivet. Tiddidom tit! tiddidom tee. *(snores.)*

Mat. What can this mean?

Dash. The villain feigns a drunken sleep, but that shall not avail him. By heaven it were

no crime to cut him off in the zenith of his hypocritical rascality, and so rid you, myself, and the world of a monster !

Mat. Oh ! Henry, forbear, and think of what you do. Do not kill *me*.

Dash. Be not alarmed, I will be calm. Speak, Mr. Proffitt, and say, on the wings of what dæmon of mischief, were you wafted hither to blast my hopes of happiness and love.—Answer me, Mr. Proffitt.

Riv. Tiddity tum tee !—Profit—oh ! Lord I—yaw—yaw !—That old fellow's marrying all the hum ha—and pocketing all the ha hum—profit himself, except five guineas for my cloaths—well, let him wear 'em—and marry—and be—don't care—yaw—yaw ! (*Sleeps.*)

Dash. Matilda, do you hear ?

Mat. Henry—yes, I hear : is not this a discovery ? Why who can this be ?

Dash. (*Looking close in his face*) Why 'tis the blacksmith, by all that's grim ! drest in your uncle's cloaths.

Mat. Then still he must be here ; and the fact is, that he has, heaven knows how, arrived here before us, having had previous notice of

our intended journey perhaps,—and from what this tipsy creature has muttered, must have adopted his vile cloaths to deceive and detect us.

Dash. 'Tis even so, and thou art my better angel. 'To bed ! good sword, thou art not wanted yet.

Mat. Nor ever will I trust. Promise me, Henry, to be more calm ; nor think that any thing but my affection for you, prompts me to warn you against a warmth of temper, that may one day make us both miserable. The man Proffitt, is still my relative : and his vile frauds will visit him without the interference of a sword—hitherto only drawn against the foes of it's country.

Dash. I will attend to thy advice, my love, in all things—and most especially, now : for to tell the honest truth, thy Henry, commonly called Harry Dashwood, does not for his life know what to do.

Mat. Might I advise, we should at present do nothing—yet stay—I will retire to my chamber, for, indeed, I am much fatigued. This wretch cannot unite us. Oh ! I could make

a sermon against Elopements and Gretna Green, Henry; but I wont for your sake, now. Do you, cautiously, make enquiry for this uncle—that he is here, is most certain, and in this mechanic's cloaths.—So attired, you may persuade the people who (I'm told) love their priest, to join with us against him as an impostor: and, perhaps, to arrest and detain him till this man is sober enough to unite us, or till we are sober enough—to go home again—

Dash. Never till we are one, but retire my dear good monitress, and leave me to my enquiries—and take my sealed promise (*kissing her hand*) that for your sake, I will be most cautious (*Matilda points to his sword and shakes her head*) Well, take my sword too. I will fight without it! I need no sword to fight for my Matilda. (*exit Matilda*) So! (*looking at Rivet*) and art thou the animal to whose altar so many come so many miles, to seek uncertain bliss? Sleep sound, sweet priest, I'll waken thee anon! Frank!

Enter FRANK.

Did you call, Sir?

Dash. Come hither. Art thou not tired? Thou hast not slept these three nights.

Frank. Nor have you, Sir! I should not choose to be tired before my master.

Dash. Thou art an honest fellow. How is Fanny? I hope you took care of her. Hey, why blush, Frank, how is it?

Frank. Nay, Sir, if I do blush, 'tis not for shame.

Dash. I know it: but hear me, yonder sleeps the noted blacksmith of Gretna, drest in—

Frank. Oh! I know it all, Sir! the landlord here, has been telling me the whole plot.

Dash. Has he? Then only watch this drunkard that he escape not; for accoutred as he is, he must do his office so soon as he is sober enough to act without absolute abomination—be careful!

Frank. I shall, Sir. (*Retires to table.*)

Exit Dashwood, Scene closes.

SCENE III.—*Street.*

Pro. Well, I'm out of all patience, I've waited for these runaways till I am tired, and now have I covered my sable weeds with a great coat to visit my Scotch widow. 'Tis seven o'clock, by the little kirk here, and I must not

disappoint her, it would be cruel : I should be a monster. Let me see—a white house, sign of the “ Cross Thistles ;” I can’t miss it. (*exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*Interior ; Sir D’Arcy Dashwood solus in feminine cloaths fanning himself.*

Sir D. Oh ! dear, oh ! dear, if ever woman were half as weary of wearing the breeches, as I, D’Arcy Dashwood, am of being enveloped in petticoats, there would be fewer hen-pecked husbands, and not half so many generalissimo wives. But I will persevere. Antony Proffitt is a most amazing old rogue, and has played me a trick, and I’ll hang him for forgery ; he is not the trustee of Matilda Meldon, and I am : and Harry shall marry her ; and my Polly shall marry Charles Meldon : that’s settled. And, and, and Proffitt shall, oh ! lud ; that’s the best on’t, the old miser shall marry me. Egad I didn’t think it was in me to travel all this infernal distance in female attire by the very same conveyance with old Proffit, and behave with decorum. In truth, had not his avarice induced him to travel outside almost all the way, I never should have held out. But here I am. Found out his tricks.

Forged dead Mr. Meldon's will, a rascal: I've proved it. My attorney has found the real will: I've *got it* and am sole trustee, ha—ha—bravo. I'll hang Proffitt of course.—Yes, I'll hang, hang, hang him.—But I'll marry him first. At Gretna, ha—ha—ha.

Pro. (*without*) up stairs! very well!

Sir D. Oh! here he comes, now for it!

Pro. (*Entering*) Madam, your most devoted: I have taken advantage of your kind note, and am come to devote myself to the agreeable *tête à tête* of your tea table: may I hope that you are not fatigued, and beg the honor of kissing your fair fingers.

Sir D. O! Sir, you are too flattering!

Pro. (*Aside*) Gigantic hand, by Gog and Magog! it's as brawny and rough as a Cumberland ham: might I, on so short an acquaintance, venture on such a liberty, I should at once declare to you, Madam, that, that, your estates, hem!—your beauty and accomplishments, your feminine delicacy and elegant manners have made an impression upon my heart! I love you, Madam! (*kneels to Sir D'Arcy's chair.*)

By all the plumes in Cupid's azure wing ;

By every dart that in his quiver sticks ;—

Thou art, sweet fair, the very, very thing,

My wavering heart and ~~shifting~~ soul to fix.

(*Sir D. pretends to faint, and falls upon his shoulder.*) O Lord, she's my own ! she's won !

Sir D. Oh, Sir, excuse this weakness, and pardon, generously pardon, the failings of a heart, that is, and has been, these four and twenty hours, all your own.

Pro. Infinitely engaging and soul captivating commandant of my affections, I'm thine.—This very day shall unite us ; my bond for £10,000 will I instantly execute, and exchange it for your's !

Sir D. Generous lover ! Hasn't half the amount in the world. (*aside*) Mine shall be for twice that sum—'twill be but four years' income of my Scotch estates ; and this moment will I sign and seal for £20,000 pounds ! !

Pro. Raptures ! matrimony, paradise and plum cake ! Here, landlord, run for an attorney ; I will forthwith execute this deed !

Sir D. And I am ready ; fly, my love,

and hasten this happy arrangement ; in fifteen minutes I am ready for every thing !

Pro. Adieu, my angel.

Sir D. Farewell, sweet youth. (*exunt.*

SCENE V.—*The other Inn.*—(*Enter*
C. MELDON & MARIA DASHWOOD.)

Mel. Thank heaven ! Maria, we are safely arrived ; nor can I, on a cool calculation, imagine that any body—not even your brother, can have pursued us. Retire, my love, for an hour's repose. The people here tell me that the “officiating minister,” as they call him, will not afford us his good services till after sunset, nor will my usual cool style of argument succeed with them in obtaining his attendance sooner !

Maria. Ha ! Charles, I thought that was omnipotent, and is it now foiled by peasantry ?

Mel. I confess it ; but not till gold had failed too !—Retire, then, my love, and take some refreshment.

Maria. I will, Charles ; my confidence in you governs me wholly, and I trust all will yet be well. (*exit Maria.*

Mel. Fear it not ! there goes my already

more than better half, without whom I am a blank in the lottery of life—my heart that vacuum which social nature abhors. (*Takes out his watch*) 'Tis almost sunset, I have eloped with this lovely girl: the pride of her friends—the admiration of all circles—the very core of her father's heart. In cool judgment, this cannot be right; but, under the circumstances which have ruled her fate and mine, 'tis at least excusable, and I feel it must end happily. Without a single attendant, she has confided herself to me, at all hazards—that's glorious! At the risk of sacrificing her fortune, and what is more dear to her, her father's and her brother's affection.—She has eloped with me! is not that generous, and am not I happy? I am indeed, and will be grateful! (*exit.*)

SCENE VI.—(MATILDA on Sofa, and FANNY.)

Mat. I cannot sleep, Fanny.

Fanny. Oh, my dear lady! I wish you could, were it ever so little. I'm sure you are quite, quite tired, and you look *so* pale.

Mat. You are mistaken as to my fatigue, Fanny.—When the mind is actively engaged

with confused and painful recollections of past events, and doubtful presages of the future, our bodily energies are too sympathetic to be easily overcome.

Fanny. Well, Madam, I am no scholar; but I know nothing tires me so much as thinking; and, very often, just when I've been thinking, and thinking as hard as ever I can, till I've thought of something very wise, I fall fast asleep, and when I awake, it's all quite forgotten. But, hark! is not that some one singing in the next room!

(Maria sings.)

"Rest, rest my heart, nor bid me doubt him,

"From me his love can never fly;

"With him there's life: but, ah! without him,

"Break, thou, fond heart! Maria! die

Mat. "Maria," what means this? where are we? It cannot, but *what* cannot be possible, after seeing what I have this day witnessed!

Fanny. Listen, dear Madam, the lady sings again.

Maria sings again.

"Ah, love! art thou not mischief's union?

"Is not now thy work complete?

"To lend false hope thy swiftest pinion,

"But to bear me to deceit!"

Mat. Fanny, were I capable of believing that there are spirits who can fly, or horses that can gallop faster than we came to this land of wonders, I would declare that to be the voice of Maria Dashwood.

Fanny. "Miss Dashwood!" (*Maria screams and lets her guitar fall within—a noise.*)—

Mat. Yes! it is her voice, and she is in distress! I will enter that door, and convince myself at any risk:—assist me, Fanny!

Fanny. Oh dear, Ma'am don't! suppose it is a ghost, Ma'am. (*Matilda tries the door, and calls "MARIA"—a faint groan.*

Mat. Dear Maria! let me in: Nay, then a woman's strength for once, and the spirit of Henry Dashwood assist me. (*Forces the door open, and discovers Maria half fainting, and brings her forward*) Gracious powers! she is dying;—Fanny, Fanny! you stupid superstitious.—Get some water.—My salts! do you hear?

Fan. Ye—ye—yes Ma'am, but oh ! oh !

Mat. 'Tis no ghost, you silly creature.
(Fanny gives the salts trembling) How now,
 my sweet Maria ; look up, love. 'Tis Matilda ;
 speak to me, Maria. *(She recovers, looks at Matilda a moment, throws herself into her arms and sobs)* Tell me, my dear girl, what
 does this mean ?

Maria. *(Recovering)* Is it, is it really
 Matilda : then I am not quite lost ; but *(seeing Fanny, she waves her hand, and Matilda motions her—Fanny exit)* Not a witness must
 we have to our conference, for, ah ! I fear my
 senses are not perfect ! the sound of my own
 name in this place, quite, quite overcame me !

Mat. Be composed ! let us return to your
 chamber, and there we will mutually endeavour
 to explain. Come, Maria. *(exeunt into chamber)*

SCENE VII.—*The other house.*

PROFFITT *solus.*

Pro. All right, all right, it will do ! Here
 it is, bond for £20,000, covenant to secure
 same on Scotch estates ; or marry Anthony
 Proffitt in seven days ! Signed and sealed,

MARIAN HYMENÆA M'MULL." Ha! ha! very good!—Now for the runaways—rogues are arrived, I hear—don't know I'm come—little think of that! I'll marry 'em! I'll marry 'em!! There, go into my pocket, dear little bond—nice little bond!

"For she is a charming widow, widow,

"Oh! she is a charming widow."

(*Enter two constables*) Now, my lads, look here, I'm the Parson Smith, and I'm going to marry two young people.—Just when I'm about it, you pop in! I'll indemnify you, and pay you to.—Arrest 'em both! Take the bonny bridegroom out of the smith's coal-hole, into *your* coal hole, and keep him fast. I'll take care of the lady. There, now, you have your lesson, do you mind?

2nd. Con. Oh yes, your honor, we'll mind well enough, but you should lose no time, for if Tom Rivet wakes, he'll spoil your sport, and our's too—he's rather lungeous!

1st. Con. Aye, Sir, he's a good chap enough when he's getting drunk, but he's as cross as a mending patient when he's getting sober again.

Pro. Never mind that, I'll see to him, he's a brute! I've taken care of him. Now go down, and wait near the smithy; the bride and bridegroom will soon be there—go! (*exant.*) Now for it: arrest Harry Dashwood, and put him by! seize Matilda, and carry her off into Scotland—there she shall see my wedding, instead of her own! ha—ha—nice plot—can't fail—fortune made—well done, Antony Proffitt—capital! bravo! (*exit.*)

(*Enter FRANK from back scene, disguised as a Negro Servant in livery.*)

Frank. So! so! Mr. Proffit, but if I don't contrive to spoil your plot, it sha't be my fault, you old rogue! That fellow's as black inside as I am outside! he's a thorough black-guard! (*enter Fanny*) Bless this girl, I would rather have met any body than her, just now!

Fanny. Why Frank, what nonsense are you after, with your face all blacked? I think this place is bewitched, and every body in it, for my part. What are you going to do?

Frank. Is it quite necessary you should know, Miss Fanny? may I not have a little business that requires a disguise, without you being informed?

Fanny. Oh dear! don't suppose I care about your intrigues!

Frank. Intrigues—you silly girl, what intrigues? will any of these bare-footed fillies fall in love with a black, do you think?

Fanny. One does not know what they may do for variety; but please yourself, Sir, it's nothing to me.

Frank. Listen to me:—I find old Mr. Proffitt is busy making love to a widow of a very odd appearance here, and from what the landlord tells me, I'm almost sure this widow is a bit of a cheat.

Fanny. Well, and what do you want with widows, I should like to know?

Frank. Pooh! don't be jealous; but I am determined to see her, and I have my master's leave to go and find out who she is, for I verily believe there's something in it, and go I will. So wish me success, Fanny; for

though my face is dirty, I would not play you a dirty trick for all Africa !

Fanny. I shall not wish you success, I don't like widows at all ; nor I don't believe your story—nor you ! (*exit, and exit Frank.*)

SCENE VIII.—(*SIR D'ARCY enters, waiter following.*)

Sir D. A young man wanting me ? a servant wanting me ? what servant ? can't be—it's a mistake—can't be—(*takes snuff, and seems fluttered*) can't be !

Waiter. (*Aside*) Never saw such a lady in my days—how she takes snuff, and strides about, and what a voice she has. Yes indeed, Madam, he won't leave the house till he sees you—he's a black servant, Ma'am !

Sir D. The devil !—phoo—well, well, show him up (*exit waiter*) Oh ! Lord, I'm as tired of my widowhood, as if I was a woman in good earnest, and I dare not get shaved.—Shave a widow ! oh. damn the fellow ! a Scotch barber would cut my throat, I dare say ; for I'm told in London, the Scotch all shave with their broad swords. (*Enter Frank*)

Well, sweet snow drop of old Calabar, what do you want with me ?

Frank. (*Aside*) If that's a woman I'm no man !—Please you, my lady, me come to speak with you, and save you from ruin and slavery.

Sir D. Very humane for a negro, upon my soul ! What ruin ? sweet alabaster, what slavery ?

Frank. The gentleman you be going to marry, Ma'am, be a white blackguard, and wants to ruin you, Ma'am ; and you must not let him love you at all.

Sir D. Proceed, bleached dowlass ! go on with thy work of salvation, dear lily of the valley of the shadow of death !

Frank. (*Aside*) By George, I've a mind to prove it—if that is not old Sir D'Arcy Dashwood, I'll be hanged.—But you must reward me, white lady.

Sir D. How, thou blanched almond ?

Frank. Give me one kiss, lady ?

Sir D. A what : kiss the devil ?

Frank. Then me take one, fair lady, (*gets hold of Sir D'Arcy, who roars out, kisses his*

cheek, and blacks it over, and then drops on his knees) It is, it is Sir D'Arcy Dashwood. Down on my knees, behold your son's faithful servant, Sir.—Yes, Sir—it's Frank—I run away with Fanny, Sir—Mr. Henry ran away with Miss Meldon, Sir—and Mr. Meldon has run away with Miss Maria, Sir.—

Sir D. The devil he has !

Frank. Yes, Sir, and now if you don't forgive us, and save us, Sir, Mr. Proffitt and the devil will run away with us all, Sir !

Sir D. Forgive ! and do you expect to be forgiven, you runagates ? and how dare you kiss me, you dirty-faced rascally rogue's valet de chambre ?

Frank. (*Crying*) Do, do as you like, Sir ! you may kill Frank, if you please ; but you will forgive Master and Miss Maria, Sir ; I know you will. You don't know what a plot there is ; old Proffitt has changed cloaths with the blacksmith, Sir.

Sir D. The devil he has ! well, if I did not fancy I smell't singe and soot about the rascal this very day.—Well, go on, Frank, what's his plot ?

Frank. Why, Sir, he means to pretend to marry me and Fanny, and Mr. Meldon and Miss Maria, and Master and Miss M. and then there are to be two constables, and we shall all be put into the black hole, Sir, Fanny and me, and all, ~~oh—oh—oh!~~

Sir D. Ho! ho! What do you cry for? it's not the first black hole you've been in (*wiping his cheek*). I'm sure.

Frank. But won't you save us all from ruination, Sir D^t Arcey? Won't you?

Sir D. I will, Frank! Go to your master again, tell him I will try to forgive him—but don't say that I love him, for I don't; no, I don't.—But tell him, and that impudent, cool fellow Meldon, to get married by any body, and leave the rest to me!

Frank. God bless you, Sir—God bless you! I've only one more favor to beg: hang Mr. Proffitt, Sir, if you love heaven!

Sir D. Get out, Satan, that's my business. Aye, by my faith! when that fellow comes to the drop, I'll give Jack Ketch a new coat to let me act as his deputy!

Frank. (*Wiping his eyes*) Thank you, Sir, only one more favour: do let me shave you, Sir, (*takes a razor from his pocket*) for upon my life, you're as bristly as a barley stubble, Sir!

Sir D. Get out, you rascal! no! I won't touch a hair of the reverend beard of my widowhood, till I am married to my sweet revenge upon that infamous old Antony Proffitt! [*exit.*]

Frank. Bless your old heart for ever! we shall do yet, and, if I only thought my red hot master, and that cool Squire Meldon wouldnt fight when they meet, instead of joining their forces, as they ought to do, I should be as happy as a maggot in a nut. [*exit.*]

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I—*A Garden.*

Mal. Could aught on earth make me forget myself, and induce me to yield to the petulance of mortified temper, it would be this cruel delay ; I have, however, set a watch upon the different roads, to apprize me of any hostile approaches ; and I must await, as best I may, the issue of my fate. 'Tis a sweet evening. How striking in its quietude is the contrast between this Scottish border now, and the petty, but cruel warfare, which stained alike the thistle and the rose, some ages back. I wander here, and feel almost ashamed to wear my sword on a soil, where Scotland opens her arms to hapless fugitives ; sheltering and uniting those lovers, whom the harder hearts of our English guardians would sunder for ever. Here is a shady walk I have not yet explored, I'll try it for variety. *[Exit.*

Enter DASHWOOD.

Dash. The curse of Kohu, and the judgment of Minos, Radamanthus, and Eacus, upon all possible uncles, valets, and drunken blacksmiths ! I shall die, to a dead certainty ; and my Matilda will be an Irish relict, a widow before she's wed ! Curse this place, how quiet it is ! I shall certainly die of a low fever—a typhus ! (*feels his pulse*) one, two, three, and (*jumps*) a hop ! I cannot find any one thing to do, or any creature to talk to, scold or quarrel with—it's duller than Bond Street on a Sunday. I wonder if my Matilda's asleep now : if I thought she was, I should hate her.—I'll sit down. (*Sits on a garden chair, his face towards the back of the chair.*)

(*Enter MELDON backwards, not seeing each other.*)

Mel. I never saw a finer oak than that in the south, nor a lovelier calmer sky. (*Walks against Dashwood, both turn round and start*) Dashwood !

Dash Meldon ! (*they retreat*)

Mel. How do you do, Mr. Dashwood ? If I could be brought to confess that I ever was

surprised, it is at this moment! May I ask how long you have been arrived?

Dash. Charles Meldon, if I ever in my life regretted the cause of a quarrel, it is now; but you are here, and I conclude there is but one means of giving you that satisfaction, which in spite of your coolness I know you expect.

Mel. I have not lately seen my face in the glass, Henry, but if my features really bear the interpretation you put upon them, their expression must have altered since I saw it last.—I ask no satisfaction from you, Harry! I rather expected you would have demanded it from me.

Dash. Mr. Meldon, make me, if you please, the victim of your keenest revenge; but, by the heaven that canopies our heads, I will not be the butt of your cool-collected ridicule.—You are insolent, Charles.

Mel. “Insolent!” Dashwood, are you sane? I cannot express my feelings but by echoing your very words.—You know me, Harry, and here I stand, ready to give, but not to demand, satisfaction. I am not likely to draw on you, Dashwood!

Dash. This coolness is—I know ’tis meant

for insult. Your reproaches I could bear, but this cool-cutting language is cruel and unmanly.

Mel. Is not your conduct childish?

Dash. "Childish!" by heaven, I will not bear it! Draw, Meldon, and farewell peace and friendship! (*finds he has no sword, and is confused*)

Mel. Is it not childish, Harry; you are unarmed. (*Meldon throws down his sword*)

Dash. Yes, thanks to your sister, who, by taking away my sword, has saved the life of one of us!—but yet——

Mel. My sister!—*mine* took your sword? when? where? what do I hear?

Dash. Aye, echo me again! you do it with impunity! Yet, oh! Matilda, I must bless thee still—for, hadst thou not disarmed me, I had perhaps, ere this, been the murderer of thy brother! I am distracted! (*walks about.*)

Mel. By the green friendship of our boyish days—by the sweet fruits that friendship has borne to us in riper years, explain to me—what of my sister?

Dash. What of her—she is here, is she not? she is safe; you could not doubt my honor—are ye satisfied? I eloped with her—you have

pursued, and, ere I could make her mine, overtaken us! I am half a madman; but, do with me as you please.

Mel. I take ye at your word. Embrace me—give me your hand, Harry!

Dash. Most willingly, Charles, and my heart too, ere fate and my own temper break it.

Mel. Thou art a generous fellow, but hear me first, and then decide what claim I have to your heart:—I am not an half hour's exile from your sister: she is in this house, and had you given me time, for I cannot talk fast you know, I would have told you that *I* have eloped with *her*; am here, pursued, as I supposed at least, by you, overtaken, and though not quite a madman, *you* may do with *me* as you please.

Dash. Charles!—you are in earnest, are you not? You are, and I am happy. I feel my scattered senses restored: let us seek our sisters, and as we go, compare notes. I must thank Matilda, for not letting me kill you; and you may thank Maria for—— any thing she pleases to do for you.—Come! I have much to say to you.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Public House.*

FRANK & RIVET.

Rivet. I don't know how it is, Master Blacking Ball, but I don't love these fine cloaths so very much, after all. I've been sleeping in this here cauliflower wig till my heads in a regular swe—

Frank. Hush, Parson Smith, your reverence should say “perspiration,” it a'nt convenient to say t'other word at all.

Rivet. A'nt it? I don't much matter gentility, but I know this, Mr. ——— What's your name?

Frank. Alabaaster. Adam Alabaaster.

Rivet. Well, Mr. Adam Blaster, if I were to tell my customers to give their horses a perspiration, they'd be puzzled most confoundedly. No, no, when I'm a gentleman, long words are my delight; but when I'm sober and solid, I speaks English.

Frank. Your reverence always speaks very well; and, I hope you will not forget to do as well, Parson, when it comes to the pinch. Two couples, perhaps three of us in half an hour, you know.

Rivet. I shall be most punctilious, great King of Candy !

Frank. And the mock parson, your rival—the impostor, and the two constables : you'll settle them for us, won't you ?

Rivet. Aye !—won't I ? The mock parson shall go before his worship.

Frank. Who's that, Master Rivet ?

Rivet. The pump. I goes before him myself every Easter and Michaelmas, to be purged of my filthiness. I'm always clean washed and scoured twice a year !

Frank. Indeed, that's being very particular, too.

Rivet. Yes, I'm rather nice. Well, for the constables, they are my friends : I always keeps friends with them, and they will do any thing for me in return ; and that's more than can be said for all men in office, thou dark emblem of ingratitude.

Frank. Very true, Parson, but I don't understand politics. Shall I walk with you to your smithy, I mean shop.

Rivet. Why, I don't know, I must preserve my dignity, good negro ; and I must get things

in order a little, so in ten minutes I shall expect you ; and mean time I must have one more quart of — but stop—whereabouts in this world is Africa ? tell me that !

Frank. Africa—oh ! it's on the Red Sea.

Rivet. The devil ! what, black people living on a Red Sea ? why, they must look like black sprouts on a pink eye potatoe. And what language do they speak, blackbird ? tell me that.

Frank. Chiefly Prussian and Laplandish.

Rivet. Plushing and Outlandish—queer people.—But, negro, wilt' bind thyself apprentice to me ? thy colour is propitious, snowball ; I'll teach thee to forge, melt, harden, shoe horses and asses, marry fools and simpletons, and tip oxen and other horned cattle.

Frank. We'll talk of that hereafter, but now to your station, divine parson.

Rivet. But wilt thou not be bound, dear woolly black sheep.

Frank. Oh ! go your ways, good Rivet, and bind lovers—we'll talk about the other binding afterwards.

Rivet. I'm going, sweet slave, I always mind my sacred duties ! never was missing but

once: putting a ring in a bear's nose, he got loose and embraced me.

Frank. The deuce he did—that was not pleasant.

Rivet. No, it was hardly *bearable*:—broke two of my ribs—another time ringing a prize hog, he bit me through the hand.

Frank. Shocking!

Rivet. Yes, it was a great bore. A horse almost killed me too another day, by kicking me over a pail.

Frank. Indeed.

Rivet. Yes, I'd rather he had kick'd the bucket!

Frank. Do go, Rivet.

Rivet. I'm going.

Frank. Do go! (*pushes him off and exits.*)

SCENE III.—(MARIA DASHWOOD & MATILDA MELDON.

Mat. Your story has interested me much, Maria; and the similarity of our fates is most striking: but I could almost complain of your want of confidence in me, never to hint even your attachment to my brother, knowing how

my silly heart was disposed towards a brother of your's.

Maria. Ah! Matilda, sorry a figure as I have made to day, you know I used to boast a spirit of ardour sufficient alone to prove me Henry Dashwood's sister: but love has tamed me, and such an influence (I may say it now; and to you I safely may) has Charles Meldon obtained over me, that I felt the secret to be his, and not mine, and indeed I almost feel myself part of him before the—the——

Mat. Proper time, and the Gretna Smith had united your dear little fingers and thumbs over his black altar, you meant to say.

Maria. But you laugh at me, Matilda! How can you, at such a time, keep up your spirits; knowing, too, that your uncle is here, and yourself only protected by a hot-tempered soldier, who is so rash and fiery, as to be often not a sufficient protector for himself. Is not our's a very, very odd situation, Matilda.

Mat. Oh! very, Maria, very—but we can't help it now, you know; so, do shorten that pretty face of your's into a smile, or deuce take me if I don't publish in the North Briton, or Glasgow

Advertizer, that Maria, of Moulines, is to be seen revived in native loveliness and woe, at Gretna Green, whither she hath lately eloped. (*Maria puts her hand on Matilda's lips.*)

Maria. Hush—hush, Matilda! do not make me laugh, when I'm sure I ought to weep.

Mat. Why, that, my dear, depends on the part you please to act: If you are Maria Dashwood, and my friend, you must laugh; but if you are the other Maria, and the hypochondriacal friend and ally of grave goats and melancholy lap-dogs, you must weep! but you'll excuse me knowing you in your tears. Can't possibly acknowledge Maria Dashwood, the most spirited girl in London, in the dumps! Come—cheer up! I was a little cross—aye, and not a little frightened too, awhile ago; but misery loves company, and now that I have run my wise head against you, and I hear that Charles is one of us, why should I not be gay. I have no fears about my uncle, now; for I have the sword in my hands, which Henry might perhaps use imprudently; and, as for a flogging, upon my life, I would rather Proffitt had that than not. Oh!

I could almost love to whip him with my own hand.

Maria. How you go on, Matilda, you are quite wild! absolutely in best spirits (*sighs*) oh—oh! I envy you.

Mat. Why, child, you won't help me out, and I have caught some of Henry's fire; whilst you have been flirting with Charles Meldon, till your spirits have—caught cold. Yet, have I not lost sight of my prudence neither. Charles is cold and haughty, Henry rash and fiery: Should they meet, no mischief can ensue from misunderstanding, for two men cannot fight with one sword.

Maria. For that you deserve, indeed, my thanks; and I trust your goodness will be its own reward, if we may hope for any prosperity after the steps we have taken, this elopement has been a ——

Mat. Very extravagant one, my dear, very! Two post chaises and four, when there is a most respectable and reasonable heavy coach, which carries six insides, and would have brought us all, servants and luggage included, and my uncle on the box, very, very cheap, and ——

Enter DASHWOOD, and MELDON behind.

Dash. So, so, our lady birds have met it seems, Charles, as soon as ourselves. What mischief are they two hatching, now? Treason it must be, when two women consult *tête-à-tête*.

Maria. See, Matilda, there are our brothers! I shall never be able to look Henry in the face.

Mat. Pooh! pooh! for shame.—Ah! they are listening to us, are they? Not fair, good gallants, but I'll punish ye. Yes, (*aloud*) yes, Maria, I am resolved. Mr. Proffitt is quite right, and your brother has led me, by his rashness, into an error, for which I never can forgive him, or excuse myself. I will instantly return with you to town—throw myself at my injured aunt Penelope's feet, and renounce Harry Dashwood for ever. Your determination to do the same is virtuous and discreet. I'm sure your papa will forgive you, and so come, dear Maria, let us go!

(*exunt.*)

Dash. (*Coming forward*) Thunder and hail! Charles, I'll call 'em back.—What means this? I'll follow them.

Mel. Stay, Harry, just stay one moment and I'll go with you! My belt's unbuckled: just fasten it for me, will ye?

Dash. (*Gazing at him*) Meldon, are you mad? Don't you see the girls are—are we not going to lose—Damn it, I won't love the sister of such an icicle, who no more cares for my sister than he does for his cursed sword belt! Meldon! Charles! are we to lose these girls, after galloping three hundred miles over.

Mel. There, now it's fast, I think. I beg your pardon, Harry, you said something: did you not?

Dash. Said something. Do you mean to follow those girls, or not? Am I to understand that you do not care whether you lose my sister or not? Are they not both running?

Mel. After us, are they not? look there, (*pointing to the Ladies who enter behind*) they don't run so very fast, Harry, but we may overtake them without wings.

Dash. (*Going towards them, Meldon stops him*) Why, what's the matter? may I not speak? By heaven, I never saw such a ——

Mel. Hush! don't be so loud. Now for our

revenge. Hem! (*speaks loud*) Well, Dashwood, I rejoice that you agree with me. It *was* a foolish frolic, and we have carried the thing far enough for our purpose. It will be precisely that which we mutually intended—a good lesson for both the girls as long as they live. So, you surrender Matilda to me, and I will restore Maria to you; and to-morrow morning a pair of horses each may take us quietly up to town again. The girls were here but now; let us seek them and undeceive them: we will go different ways, and meet here in five minutes. (*Ladies come forward.*

Maria. Harry!

Mat. Charles! I only wished to say one word to you, before we—we—we, go—go—home again. Ho! ho! (*weeps.*

Mel. Well, my dear sister! we shall have time to do that as we walk to the Inn. Will you take my arm?

Mat. Thank you—I—(*looks back at Dashwood, who has been trying to look composed*) I am coming, but—good bye, Hen.—I mean, Maria.

Maria. Farewell dear, one kiss.

Mat. Yes, just one, please brother, (*leave their*

brothers, and go to their lovers, each courtseying to each, and saying "good bye, Mr. Meldon," "good by'e, Mr. Dashwood," but not noticing each other at all. Meldon looks pleased—Dashwood agitated,

Mel. A pleasant journey, Miss Dashwood. Fare ye well.

Dash. Farewell, Miss Meldon, I wish you—a—I wish—oh! I wish the devil may be my cook, and Lucifer my housekeeper, if I ever leave you. (*Embraces Miss M.*) There! Charles, you may do as you please, but I don't understand these jokes.

Mel. Some of your family do, Harry; but we have had our revenge, and I hope we are forgiven, Maria, are we not?

Maria. It were unjust in us to refuse the pardon, when we provoked the crime.

(*Enter FRANK, and whispers DASHWOOD.*)

Dash. Very well, we attend him instantly. (*Exit Frank.*) Now, ladies, your cloaks! and Hymen prosper the Blacksmith!—Come, Matilda.

Mel. Is Maria ready, or does her courage fail her.

Maria. I have deserved such a rebuke, and I feel myself conscious of having doubted you when I had most reason to condemn my own want of firmness. I am ready, Charles! there is my hand.

Mel. Come, then, your brother shall give you to me; and, however small my title to such a gift, no man on earth can be more truly sensible of its value. (*exsunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Smithy, and old PROFFITT in RIVET's cloaths.*

Pro. These people never will come.—I can scarcely see black from white when they do come; and, only that I am determined not to marry any body, I should really run some risk of uniting my own niece to a tipstaff—Miss Dashwood to her own brother, and old Rivet himself to my Scotch widow, if she were here. (*Enter Constables*) Oh! you are there, are you: now then! you stand in *that* corner—you in *this*—keep close. Have you any lights?

1st. Con. Each a lanthorn, Master, under cover.

Pro. All right—quite right—keep close
(*Knock at the door.*)

Pro. Who's there ?

Mel. (*Without*) Young people who want your assistance, reverend Sir.

Pro. (*Opens door: Meldon and Dashwood, Maria and Matilda enter.* There ! walk in, young ones, walk in.—Ha ! ha ! I know what you're at—I know what you want. What—what—two couples—ho ! ho ! doublets, hey ! young people—doublets. Stop a moment, let me lock the door, and make all safe. (*As he goes towards the door, Dashwood trips him up, and Sir D'Arcy and Frank slip in and conceal themselves*) Oh Lord !

Mel. My good Sir, I hope you are not hurt—you fell over that horses' shoe there.

Pro. (*Rubbing his knee*) No, it was over that ass's shoe there ; but I'll lock the door, and make all safe, (*Locks it.*) Now to business : let me see—which is which ? Come here, you doves, come here. (*Just as he is taking hold of their hands, Rivet tumbles down the chimney—rolls*

into middle of stage, and stands up between Dashwood and Matilda. Constables come forward with lanthorns—stage lights up—Sir D'Arcy and Frank come forward also.) Lord preserve us, what art thou? and how camest thou hither?

Rivet. Satan scour all possible impostors.—I am Tom Rivet, whom thou hast locked out of his own church, and obliged his worshipful reverence to enter down the steeple. How darest thou to impose upon my congregation, thou daw in borrowed plumes.

Pro. Stand back, fellow. I care nought for thee. Your appearance, Sir D'Arcy *has* a little startled me; and I regret that you are here, because it adds pain to the fulfilment of a duty sufficiently irksome already. Constables, seize that gentleman! I arrest Henry Dashwood on a charge of felony, in stealing Matilda Meldon, an heiress, from her legal guardian.

Rivet. Constables, if you touch a hair of the head of this young man's master (*pointing to Frank*) in my church, I'll excommunicate you for ever! Hear me that?

Pro. Peace, fellow, they dare not disobey the law.

Rivet. Suds for your law.

Frank. Be quiet, Rivet, let him go on.

Pro. I am the legal guardian of Matilda Meldon, and her father's trustee, and by virtue of that authority—

Sir D. Come, Mr. Proffitt, a truce to this mummerly.—Know ye that writing? (*shows him a paper*)

Rivet. He looks at it as if it were a rope: what, is it a death warrant, thou vile usurper?

Sir D. Those officers of justice will have to deal with you, I believe:—Officers! I charge Antony Proffit to your custody for forgery. (*They seize him*)

Mat. Oh! Sir D'Arcy, on my knees I do entreat you spare him. Evil as he is, he was my mother's brother: spare him, Sir D'Arcy, spare the family this disgrace.

Sir D. Well, well, for that hereafter: for the present you may retire, Constables. (*exunt.* What have you to say, Mr. Proffitt?)

Pro. I have yet, I flatter myself, some interest which may serve to bear me up against

the extremity of your malice, of which you are not aware. (*produces bond*) I have here a security for £20,000, which will be some resource against your machinations.

Sir D. A what!—for £20,000! Bravo, Mr. Proffitt (*laughs aloud*)

Frank. (*Coming forward*) Mr. Proffitt, there's a lady, I forgot to mention it sooner, Sir, waiting for you at the Cross Thistles, on urgent business.

Pro. I am aware of it (*pompously*) I shall attend her, and withdraw from a place where insult and malice combine to cast an odium upon that lady's choice!

Dash. Choice! what choice?

Maria. What is all this? why, Matilda, dear, have you a future aunt at the Cross Thistles.

Sir D. Let me explain it. Listen:—

“ By all the plumes in Cupid's azure wing;

“ By every dart that in his quiver sticks;

Thou art, sweet fair, the very, very thing,

“ My wavering heart and changing soul to fix.

Don't you know your fainting love, Mr. Proffitt;

er won't you believe it? and would you really like to go to the Cross Thistles, and look for your Scotch widow—your Marian Hymenæa M'Mull.

Frank. Any commands, I shall be glad to carry, Sir!

Mat. Shall be proud to be bride's maid.

Maria. Or I, sweet Sir.

Riccd. I'll screw ye together, old Babble and squeak. What, a'nt ye willing, old squash?

Sir D. Stay, stay, I won't *have* him now: I've changed my mind, and my name, and my sex, and there's an end of it.

Pro. Have I done with you, Sir D'Arcy? is your venom spent? I would be gone.

Sir D. Stay one moment. My widow bond is nothing. Your's, not with your wonted prudence, Mr. Proffitt, outwits it's author: 'tis yet valid, and bears your own name and seal. You are a debtor, Sir, to the king, for £10,000!!

Pro. Then I am ruined (*goes on his knees*) Kick me—spurn me—spit on me—any thing but that. *All* I possess on earth will scarcely pay the forfeit. Mercy! mercy!

Sir D. I am satisfied, and villany is punished.

Now, hear my judgment:—give Frank here £500 to marry his sweetheart; and keep house, and take your bond!

Pro. Willingly, I'll go make the draft immediately. *(exit.)*

Sir D. Do so! and do your go for Fanny, Frank.

Frank. I will, Sir. *(exit.)*

Rivet. He must not go without being ducked if you please, Sir.—He must be ducked indeed, Sir: his health requires it.

Sir D. You had best forgive him, noble Rivet, as I have done. Harry! you cannot expect I should applaud your elopement; but, as the choice you have made, has my hearty consent,—and, as it has led to the punishment of Proffitt, I will forgive it.

Dash. You are too good, Sir.

Sir D. If Mr. Meldon has any thing to say for my daughter there, I will hear him pleat, before I pass my judgment.

Mel. It must be for myself, if I plead, Sir; for I only am the offender: loving your daughter as you do, and loved by that daughter as you are, Sir, *she* will need no mediator but her father's af-

fection—you no softener but her own excellence. Unworthy and unprovided as I was, I dared not to ask—and I therefore stole her from you ! I restore her, Sir, and a better daughter never received a father's blessing.

Sir D. (Kisses her) Bless you, my love ! you are too good to be played at ball with, Polly, or perhaps I might toss you back again ; but you may steal her again, Mr. Meldon, I won't run after you any more. (*Charles takes her.*) And now, my dears, if a plain home wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, will satisfy you, we will bid adieu to Gretna Green !

(*Enter FRANK & FANNY, and kneel down.*)

Sir D. So ! so ! more couples !

Frank. Fanny and I begs your honor's pardon for our elopement, and promises never to do the like again. Say amen, Fanny !

Fanny. I say " Amen, Sir."

Sir D. Well, get up ! you are forgiven, and provided for too ! get away and be good.

Rivet. Master Frank, you told me a great lot of flim-flams about Africa ; but I'll forgive

'em, if you'll let us marry you all here first ! you can be finished and polished off in London afterwards, you know—I won't be above six minutes !

Sir D. What says the Bishop of Bellows ?

Frank. He wants to half, or three quarters marry us here, and let us be finished off in London afterwards ; but when one's about marrying, one does not like to have things done by halves.

Dash. You are right, Frank. In this purse, Mr. Rivet, you will find the double fees intended for your good offices ; and I believe we all pay them with double pleasure, from your services having been rendered unnecessary.

Rivet. Thanks, young gentlemen ! but I should like to duck my deputy !—however, I leave him to your disposal, and I wish you all possible joy ; and I wish you may be as happy when you are married as I have been—since I was a widower.

Meldon. Thus then terminates our day in Gretna, more happily than our hopes ever anticipated, or our merits deserve. To you, Sir





